RRR
ROTHBARD-ROCKWELL REPORT

NOVEMBER 1990 VOLUME I, NUMBER 7

Purity and Libertarian Politics

by Murray N. Rothbard

When I was active in the Libertarian Party, I was a notorious advocate of pure and consistent principles and candidates, and I was the scourge of all deviationists. And yet, now that I am moving toward the Republican Party, I seem not to be mentioning, much less insisting upon, pure libertarian candidates. Isn't that a contradiction, or have I "mellowed" with maturity?

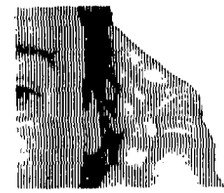
The answer: of course, I haven't mellowed. The very thought is an insult. Neither is it a contradiction, if one thinks for a moment about the purpose of political action. The main point of having a Libertarian Party was to promote libertarian ideas in the political sphere. Purity and consistency were extremely important, because if you're flying the libertarian flag, and begin to abandon or waffle on principle, you are counter-productive, and you viciously undercut libertarian doctrine, the very point of having a Libertarian Party in the first place. After all, what's the point of having a crazy third party, if you're simply going to offer modified Republican or Democratic or conservative or whatever doctrine?

As I hope to make clear in my series of "Why Paleo?" articles, the Libertarian Party did fill an historic function: spreading the name and the concept of libertarianism throughout the media and society, so that everyone now knows what the doctrine is all about. That task has now been accomplished, and indeed has been fulfilled ever since the 1980 campaign, and the Libertarian Party, now dying, should have the satisfaction of knowing that it has already played its appointed role on the historical scene. Now that the LP has accomplished this task, and conditions have drastically changed with the end of the Cold War, the Libertarian Party only serves the purpose of being a social club for misfits and bunco artists. It is high time, to paraphrase the immortal advice of Senator Aiken on the Vietnam War, to declare victory and get the Hell out. It is time to move on and out of the Libertarian Party: in the current cliche, "to put it all behind us."

It is time to move on and out of the LP.

But if we move on to the Republican Party, we have to understand that major party politics is different: it is and always has been coalition politics. To expect a Republican nominee to be a 100% libertarian, or to denounce anyone who isn't, is a species of imbecility. Moreover, since the Republican Party does not call itself "libertarian," we have no moral obligation to serve as libertarian purity testers. In coalition

(Cont. page 2, col. 3)



THE EAR

By Sarah Barton

A Libertarian Party has been formed in the U.S.S.R. Great, you say? Wait till you hear their platform: nothing about privatization, property rights, or free markets. There are only two planks: legalized prostitution and free medical care for prostitutes (presumably at taxpayer expense). The inaugural gathering was punctuated by condoms thrown into the crowd.

Tell me: Is there some crazy wilding chromosome in the make-up of every Libertarian, no matter what country or culture?

*****

For years, billionaire Charles Koch—owner of the Cato Institute—had tried to defenestrate Bob Love. Charles resented his old mentor in libertarianism for never selling out, and could not stomach the fact that Bob earned his riches instead of inheriting them like Charles.

In particular, Charles

(Cont. next page,col. 1)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(THE EAR cont. from P.1)

wanted Bob canned as board chairman of a private school in Wichita, Kansas, that Bob had founded and which Charles's children attended. Bob refused to budge, however, leading—say insiders—to some of Charles' famous temper tantrums. Then Charles hit on a solution: offering the school $5 million if Bob left, which he did.

Soon the cloven hoof began to show through the handmade shoe: Charles wanted the school dechristianized. His first step was firing the long-time headmaster because he was—like Bob—a Christian. The replacement was a Christaphobe socialist. But his economics didn't matter to Charles, so long as he was anti-God.

* * * * *

Vice-Koch Ed Crane pulled *such* a tantrum in the latest *Liberty*, tossing away his carefully crafted image as think-tank statesman and attacking everyone who's crossed him in the last 15 years. He's especially incensed at the two Rs because they're "very intolerant" of "sexual diversity." Hmmm. Ear, which thought Ed had finally settled down, wonders what the Cato Institute's donors would think about that.

* * * * *

Charles Koch's plush new $30 million headquarters building in Wichita is financed with Kansas State revenue bonds.

* * * * *

Ear can see the bumper sticker now: *Russell Means Love*. Indian hypester Russell may have lost the '88 LP presidential race, but his former manager (Honey Lanham) and chairman (Larry Dodge) are getting married. Russell, who will *not* be giving the bride away, was last seen holding hands (literally) with Jesse Jackson on TV.

* * * * *

Ear hears from a Texas LP'er: "The all-too-accurate perception that the Libertarian Party is composed largely of leftover hippies, fruitcakes, and whores is a tremendous obstacle to the recruitment of decent Americans. The Ear has it right! Most of the groups targeted by the LP for outreach make me damned uncomfortable: they're all lunatic-fringe types whose bubbles are off plumb."

* * * * *

At a NatCom meeting, Bill Redpath—subsequently appointed ballot access chairman—said "we must avoid another unauditable mess" with ballot access. Cliff Theis then noted that the "records have been better recently because there have been fewer transactions." Yes, it's easy to keep wonderful records if there are no transactions. In 1992, the LP will be on the fewest ballots since 1976. What a great way for the party to solve its eternal auditing and accounting problems!

Steve Givot, later fired as head of ballot access, complained that for more than a year, he'd gotten no financial records from LP headquarters, which he called as "inefficient as the Kremlin." Cliff Theis angrily denounced him for "calling [our employees] Communists." Well, you see, Cliff, Steve did not actually call Nick Dunbar & Co. "Communists." He was saying they're as inefficient as the Soviet bureaucracy. One feels embarrassed at having to point out these matters, but in the LP, every point has got to be s-p-e-l-l-e-d o-u-t. ●

(PURITY... cont. from P.1)

politics, you take the best candidate you can get and, in particular, you look for agreement on those issues or sets of issues which you hold to be most important.

But that means that libertarians, as Republicans, have to exercise judgment—a rare quality indeed in our movement. Which issues, both in the long run and in this particular time and place, are most important? In such an exercise of judgment, purity of doctrine doesn't help. Assessment of, and interest in, the real world now takes high place: and unfortunately these qualities are not exactly the hallmark of libertarians, who tend to be strong in pure theory but weak in finding their way across the street.

For me, political priorities have always been clear: first and foremost, opposition to an interventionist, pro-war U.S. foreign policy; and second, devotion to the free market and private property, and opposition to statism. At the present time, it is clear to me that, apart from foreign intervention and globaloney, the main danger both to liberty and free markets comes from the "social tyranny" that has been able to seize the high moral ground almost without opposition in the past decade: the ideological constellation of environmentalism, Left Puritanism, and Accredited Victimology.

A look then at who our natural allies are, politically and intellectually, in the coming epoch. It should be crystal-clear that they are the "paleo-conservatives" or the Republican right, many of whom have rediscovered and embraced their Old Right roots, in an "isolationist" foreign policy that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is more relevant today than it has been in half a century. The paleocons, of course, have always been sound on the social tyranny that is looming as an ever-greater threat to our liberties.

But inevitably, the increasing number of Libertarians who are becoming Republicans—in such organizations as the Libertarian Republican Organizing Committee—have not yet made up their mind which Republicans to ally themselves with. In the current realities, there are two choices: the "moderate," or what used to be called "the Rockefeller" Republicans; and the right-wing paleos. Generally, the "moderates" will line up as: pro-war, pro-statist, pro-high taxes, pro-New World Order, pro-environmentalist, pro-Accredited Victimology, and pro-abortion rights. The paleo-right will be anti-war, and anti-statist, anti-high tax, anti-New World Order, anti-environmentalist, anti-Accredited Victimology, and anti-abortion. (On the drug war, the outcome will be mixed, since the originally pro-drug war paleos have reached the point where their opposition to State tyranny is greater than their hostility to drugs, a hostility which I, for one, share.)

The old Libertarian movement will split along its natural fault line: and that's all to the good.

Scanning this list, the choice should be easy. Those Libertarians whose devotion to libertarianism was always, and above all cultural, those who care mainly about sex and drugs, those whose opposition to the State is only a minor aspect of their adolescent rebellion against the family, society, and religion—these Libertarians will chose the Rockefeller "moderates." The two groups richly deserve each other. Paleo-libertarians will, of course, embrace their paleo-rightist cousins. Thus, in the course of working with different groups of Republicans, the old Libertarian movement will split along its natural fault line: and that's all to the good.

A final consoling note to those paleo-libertarians who, like myself, favor abortion rights: All paleocons are strongly opposed to abortion on moral grounds. But most of them, even those who consider abortion murder, do not believe in outlawing abortion and treating it in the same way as the police would treat murder-murder. Largely because they don't want the State apparatus spying upon, and dictating to, the entire female population of child-bearing age. (Which is what a consistent anti-abortion program would amount to.) With a little goodwill on both sides, I see no reason why all groups of paleos cannot collaborate, even on this issue. •

I Hate Max Lerner

by M.N.R.

All my life, it seems, I have hated the guts of Max Lerner. Now, make no mistake: there is nothing personal in this rancor. I have never met, nor have I ever had any personal dealings with, Max. No, my absolute loathing for Max Lerner is disinterested, cosmic in its grandeur. It's just that ever since I was a toddler, this ugly homunculus, this pretentious jackass, has been *there*, towering over the American ideological scene. In the fifty-five years that I have been aware of Max's presence, in all of his many permutations and combinations and seeming twists and turns, he has taken the totally repellent position at every step of the way. Thus:

I hated Max Lerner when he was a brilliant young editor of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, spreading his Marxo-Veblenian poison for the decades that that publication was highly influential in American intellectual life;

I hated Max Lerner when (in 1937) he wrote an introduction to the Modern Library edition of the *Wealth of Nations*, in which he dismissed Adam Smith, in Marxo-Freudo lingo, as "an unconscious mercenary in the service of the rising capitalist class."

I hated Max Lerner when he was a Stalinist apologist before, during, and after World War II. I hated his pompous, singsong Stalinoid delivery when he was a radio commentator in New York just after the war.

I hated Max Lerner when,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the unforgettable imagery of that hilarious and perceptive work by Dwight Macdonald, *Confessions of a Revolutionary*, reporter Lerner, advancing through Germany at the end of World War II, leaped from an army jeep to confront an elderly shell-shocked German farming couple, asking them: "Do you feel guilty?" after which he proceeded to a gala banquet with Red Army generals, wolfing down caviar and toasting each other with champagne.

I hated Max Lerner when, leaping on the "consensus" bandwagon in the 1950s, he ignored all conflicts and problems and celebrated *America as a Civilization*.

I hated Max Lerner when, in his insufferably clotted and tedious column in the *New York Post*, he began to boast about being the "patriarch" of his newly-burgeoning family.

I hated Max Lerner when he abandoned that family to take up permanent residence in Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion, there celebrating the sleazy joys of hedonism.

I hated Max Lerner when he became a pro-Vietnam War liberal and then a Reaganite.

And now I hate Max Lerner especially when, now—of course—a neocon, he emerges, at the age of 180 or whatever, out of his residence at the Playboy Mansion (Hefner himself having thrown in the towel on the hedonic life), to join the Smear Bund in their assault on Pat Buchanan. (*Washington Times*, Oct. 8) But leave it to Max to add that special Lernerian twist, in which he shows himself not at all different from the Original Lerner of long ago. In his newspaper column Lerner commits his foul act in the course of a running smear of Charles Lindbergh (the excuse is a review of a documentary on the Lone Eagle) in which Lerner shamelessly resurrects the old, discredited Rooseveltian-Stalinist lies about Lindbergh being pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic.

So, Max. Here we are again, old buddy. What goes around comes around, eh? After fifty-five years we can close the books at last. Marxist, Veblenite, Stalinist, 50s consensus-man, pro-war liberal, Reaganite, neocon, what in Hell's the difference? Nothing's changed. Two constants loom through all the gyrations of your life. You've always been a pompous, humorless egomaniac. And you've always worshipped at the shrine of war and the State. So what else is new? •

From the Bench

Down With the D-e-e-fense

by M.N.R.

I'm going to say it flat out, and damn the consequences: despite the "purists," I hate games and teams that emphasize defense. Games of defense are invariably slow, thuggish, and B-O-R-I-N-G. And as an allied point, I don't care much for "well-balanced teams" where everyone is "unselfish," either. What I like and what we see all too little of, are games that stress offense and are studded with heroic superstars. What the true sports fan craves is excitement, not games that are slow, grinding, and low-scoring, and who cares about purism (whatever "purity" is supposed to mean in this context?).

For example, one of the potentially most exciting sports of them all—pro basketball—is rapidly going to Hell in a handbasket because of the influence of the slow, boring, and incredibly thuggish Detroit Pistons. Since victorious dynasties get imitated by other teams, the prognosis for pro basketball is grim unless the Pistons can be toppled. Surely, by the way, it is no accident that the advanced hooliganism of the Pistons reflects the state of affairs of the "community" from which they hail. Detroit, a city which has taken on something of the aspect of Beirut, and which makes New York City look like Palo Alto, "celebrated" this summer's (yes, basketball is now virtually a year-round game) victory by murdering a few of its citizens. Such are its "folkways": like city, like team. Except, of course, the Pistons don't actually play in Detroit, since any sports arena there would soon get to look like Dresden, 1945.

In sports as everywhere else in our culture, however, official opinion is dominated by media experts, and these experts exalt the "great defense" of the Pistons, who keep all of their opponents below 90 points a game. What's so great about low scoring? The "great defense" is, of course, accomplished by thuggery: by physically preventing the offense of the other team from shooting. And that has been accomplished by the referees losing their nerve over the years, and failing to crack down and penalize hooliganism. Basketball, unlike football or boxing, is not supposed to be a contact sport. In fact, in order to keep the highly-paid thugs in the game, the solons are now moving to change the rules so that no one can foul

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out—which will be a disaster.

To be specific, Michael "Air" Jordan is far and away the greatest basketball player today, and in a just basketball order his Chicago Bulls would have won the championship for the past two years, and future teams would attempt to emulate Jordan rather than the muggers from Detroit.

D-e-e-fense is also what everyone saw—and scoffed at—in this year's World Cup soccer. Since the media critics have no emotional or economic ties to professional soccer, they were free to vent their spleens at the boring, low-scoring game that is inexplicably beloved in the rest of the world. Being diffuse and scattered, soccer play is inherently tedious at best, but few people realize that soccer is much more defensive, and hence monotonous, than it was in the days of my youth. (Yes, I played compulsory soccer in high school, and definitely managed, soccer being the game it is, to stay out of the action all of the time while pretending to be an eager participant. In those antediluvian days, soccer had five forwards, and only two fullbacks, and the result was a relatively high-scoring game (say 5-4, instead of 1-1). Then the defense took over, there are only a couple of forwards, and every one else spends the game huddling in front of their goal, so that scoring has almost become a lost art. A one-run lead becomes virtually insurmountable. Yecch! Two basic rule changes are needed to salvage soccer: (a) eliminating the "offsides" rule, which prevents anyone from starting to dribble the ball unless at least two defenders are in front of you; and (b) imposing a strict maximum on the number of defenders who can be in the back third of the field.

D-e-e-fense is what everyone saw -- and scoffed at -- in this year's World Cup soccer.

Fortunately, there is hope. Pro football has been moving in the opposite direction, favoring the offense. Let the purists bewail the loss of the "good old days" of the slow, crunching offense and defense, of the Green Bay Packers, and the subsequent low scoring. The last couple of decades have seen the triumph of the quarterback and the forward pass: and hence, a satisfyingly explosive and high-scoring offense. This year, a new and even more offense-oriented strategy, the "run-and-shoot," is coming to the fore. A creation of the legendary coach, Mouse Davis, the "run-and-shoot" is highly forward-pass-oriented, putting no less than four wide-receivers (pass-catchers) plus only one running back on the team, so that every play is either a pass or a fake-pass (the "draw"). Not only that—and here the strategy relies on the brightness and quickness of the quarterback and the four receivers—every play is an "option play." In contrast to orthodox strategies where the coach spells out the precise details of each play in advance, the five key players react quickly and on the spot to whatever defense is put up against them.

In his illuminating article on the "run and shoot," Bob Oates writes that most football observers and coaches "instinctively abhor it. To NFL traditionalists, football is a game of muscle and power. They distrust the run-and-shoot because it is a game of mind and finesse." (Bob Oates, "The Mouse is Roaring," *Los Angeles Times*, Sept. 3, 1990. Also see Thomas George, "See How They Run and Shoot," *New York Times*, Sept. 2, 1990.)

This fall may tell the tale. Mouse Davis is the offensive coordinator for the Detroit Lions. And several other NFL teams will be stressing run-and-shoot: the Houston Oilers, the Atlanta Falcons, and the Seattle Seahawks. If these teams do well, the entire league may throw in the towel and move to run-and-shoot. •

Sports, Politics, and the Constitution

by M.N.R.

"The personal is the political" is today's common leftist chant. It is also a formula for totalitarianism, for regimenting every aspect of our daily life. Relations with friends and spouses, whether or not you open a door for a female or use a deodorant, every twist and turn of life is scrutinized to root out the "politically incorrect."

The only way to combat this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nefarious slogan is root-and-branch, total resistance, war to the knife. And that total opposition is libertarianism. For the essence of the libertarian creed is the reverse slogan: "No, dammit, the political is the personal." The personal is the personal, while for the libertarian the political is systematically demystified from its lofty and obscurantist collective perch.

"Sovereignty," "the State," et al. are broken down into their methodologically individualist parts, and seen boldly and candidly as people being permitted to act in a swinish and criminal manner. The State, the political, is individuals acting badly and criminally in ways which they could never get away with if the reality of their personal activity were brought into view. The libertarian, to borrow a phrase from Karl Hess's single contribution to libertarianism—his article in *Playboy* during the 1960s, seeks "the death of politics," its liquidation into the personal, into society and the market economy.

Of all areas of life, sports should be the arena least touched by politics. For the glory of being a sports fan is precisely that we are engaging in fun and play, that we are permitted the freedom to be "irrational"; that is, to be Yankee or Mets fans, to love our team and to hate the enemy, without having to ground these passions in a systematic, moral or metaphysical theory. So it is particularly obnoxious when the gaggle of Left Puritans invades and takes over the field of sports. Which they have done, of course, with a vengeance.

The Hate Thought squad has run rampant in sports for years. Veteran and respected sports figures, such as Al Campaneris or Jimmy the Greek, have seen their careers mercilessly destroyed because they gave one politically improper answer to an interviewer's question. No one dares even explore whether or not their answers were correct; their very expression is a hate-thought-crime; unlike other, seemingly graver, crimes, from their punish-

Jews and Christians Against a Mideast War

An Open Letter to A.M. Rosenthal

As Jews and Christians, we are disturbed by your smear of Patrick J. Buchanan (*NYT*, 9/14/90). He is no anti-Semite, as you well know. It is his opposition to an American war in the Mideast that made him the target of your loathsome attack.

Anti-Semitism--the advocacy of political, legal, economic, or social disabilities for Jews--is despicable. But so is libel of the innocent, or fomenting another Vietnam.

America can only be harmed by this war. Our kids killed, our liberties suppressed, our taxes raised, the government engorged, the recession deepened, our Constitution shredded--and you can hardly wait for the shooting to start.

Most of us are Jewish, Mr. Rosenthal, and all of us agree with Pat Buchanan: the members of the "amen corner"--you, Al D'Amato, Alan Cranston, Morton Kondracke, Reed Irvine, Richard Perle, Martin Peretz, Dick Lugar, and the rest--*are* salivating for war.

You should all feel free to buy rifles and parachute into Baghdad. But not to kill our soldiers and wreck our economy.

You want a "New World Order." Pat Buchanan likes the old American Republic. He puts America first. That's a hate crime to you--but not to us, or the vast majority of our countrymen.

Mr. Rosenthal, your defamation isn't going to work. The thought-police are being disbanded. There's going to be a real debate on this war. The American people will hear your side, and they will hear Pat Buchanan's. Can there be any doubt as to their verdict?

Executive Committee: Harold A. Berliner, Dr. Edward Block, Burton S. Blumert, Professor Richard M. Ebeling, Mrs. Marsha Friedman, Dr. David Gordon, Professor Paul Gottfried, Professor Leon Hadar, Professor Ronald Hamowy, Professor Edward Kaplan, Dr. Gary North, Congressman Ron Paul, Professor Ralph Raico, Justin Raimondo, H. George Resch, Sheldon Richman, Llewellyn H. Rockwell, James Rodney, Professor Murray N. Rothbard, Professor Murray Sabrin, Frederick G. Wacker, Jr.

More information? Write:
Jews and Christians Against a Mideast War
P.O. Box 2802, Auburn, AL 36830

This 1/4 page ad appeared on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* on Monday, October 15, 1990. To join the **JCAMW**, and to help pay for this ad and others, send your dues of $25 or more to: **JCAMW**, P.O. Box 2802, Auburn, AL 36830. Fax: 404-322-7506.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment there is no reprieve.

I like to think that sports writers are above politics; that sports and only sports fills their minds. But no, they too have succumbed, and are, in fact, viciously leftish whenever politics is deemed to be relevant to sports. The writers for *The National*, the cream of the sports writing profession, invariably lead the vanguard of the Hate Thought Police. The latest flap, of course, is the Locker Room Controversy. Male pro football players of the New England Patriots, getting edgy and distracted when a female reporter invaded their locker room after a game, surrounded her and made suggestive remarks. Ohh, wow! What a fuss! What a twitter: The female reporter, asserting her rights as a "professional" among hundreds of other female sports journalists, insisted that she was "mind raped." What in blazes is "mind rape?" A new crime invented for the occasion, a crime apparently only slightly less odious than rape-rape. When Victor Kiam, owner of the Patriots, defended his players, organized feminism threatened all sorts of sanctions, including a boycott of Kiam's Lady Remington razors.

Nothing infuriates leftists more than a slipping back, a slackening of the Tide of Progress.

Finally, to top it off, when Sam Wyche, coach of the Cincinnati Bengals, insists on barring female reporters from locker rooms in which male players are naked, the gods of wrath all descend upon him. *The National*, the rest of the sports media, and organized feminism, lament the evil reactionary nature of Wyche as well as Kiam. "We thought this had all been settled—female reporters' locker room rights had been decided years ago!" There is nothing that infuriates leftists more than a slipping back, a slackening of the Tide of Progress. Wyche was duly fined the whopping sum of $30,000 for disobeying NFL rules, to the general chorus of: "not strong enough for that heinous offense."

It turns out, too, that the august U.S. courts had indeed decided the issue. The egregious federal Judge Constance Baker Motley had decreed that women have a constitutional right to enter male locker rooms! Talk about your judicial activism!

But I thought that the ERA was stopped because of such threats as compulsory integration of men's and ladies' rooms! Well, to be fair, Judge Motley did not exactly decree that females have a constitutional right to enter male locker rooms at will. It's just that female reporters, being duly certified professionals, and not simply sluttish thrill-seekers, have the "constitutional right" to equal access with male reporters to locker rooms. Oh. It still seems to me like sneaking the ERA in through the back door. But how about male reporters? Are they entitled to equal access to female locker rooms? Hey, what's the matter with you, you evil sexist exploiter of women!

But why can't Sam Wyche bar all reporters from the locker room, and make reporters wait until after the players are dressed? Well, it's true that the action would probably be constitutional, but it would violate NFL rules, which compel football teams to admit the press to locker rooms immediately after the game. Those rules, in turn, were imposed at the behest of the press, along with organized feminism. Reporters, you see, are professionals, and professionals have to meet deadlines, and besides they want to interview the players right after the game, before they have a chance to catch their breath and collect their thoughts. Catch them offguard, in short. What? You say players have some sort of right of privacy? What are you? Some sort of rotten reactionary judicial-activist?

Poor honest Sam Wyche has a Plan B which he is prepared to fall back on: To admit all reporters, male and female, to the locker room right after the game, but to keep the players fully clothed and out of the showers until the press is kicked out. No, it won't work, Sam. The football players would not be vulnerable enough then. Besides, all reporters, male and female, have the God-given, constitutional right to see football players naked: male players, that is. Have we got the Constitution all straight by now? •

Arts and Movies

by Mr. First Nighter

GoodFellas, dir. by Martin Scorsese, with Robert DeNiro.

Hollywood has brought us two great, romantic genres, two forms of movies where the war of good versus evil could play itself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out against a background of an entire complex fictive world grounded in a present or past reality. In this world, coherent action and struggle can emerge dramatically by heroes, villains, their rank and file supporters, and by innocents caught in the crossfire. The first classic genre was, of course, the Western: epitomized in *Stagecoach*, the great John Wayne movies, and countless others (one of my favorites: the long-forgotten *The Bounty Hunter*, in which Henry Fonda heroically plays a privatized and highly effective law enforcer hated—naturally—both by the villains and by the sheriffs and deputies whom he outcompetes for far higher pay). Unfortunately, the Western movie is no more, felled perhaps by endless and unimaginative repetition, but possibly, too, by the dogged leftist insistence in the later Westerns for the Indians to be the Good Guys and the whites the Bad. Look, fellas, it doesn't matter what the literal historical truth may or may not have been; the leftist reversal—the insistence on destroying familiar heroes—simply didn't work, it didn't scan, and it helped destroy the Western genre.

The more recent innovative Hollywood genre, ranking with the Western, is the Mafia movie: the clash of heroes and villains against a mythic but reality-grounded world, updated to 20th-century America. Some of the great directors have contributed gems to this genre. John Huston's *Prizzi's Honor*, playing off Jack Nicholson and the incomparable Kathleen Turner, was marvelous. But the great classic, the definitive, superb Mafia movie was *The Godfathers I and II*, in which Francis Ford Coppola poured out a work of genius, grounded in his own and novelist Mario Puzo's cultural history, which he has never approached since. *The Godfathers* were perfection: an epic world, a world of drama and struggle, tautly organized and memorably written, beautifully and broodingly photographed, in which greed struggled with the great virtues of loyalty to the famiglia.

Organized crime is essentially anarcho-capitalist, a productive industry struggling to govern itself.

The key to *The Godfathers* and to success in the Mafia genre is the realization and dramatic portrayal of the fact that the Mafia, although leading a life outside the law, is, at its best, simply entrepreneurs and businessmen supplying the consumers with goods and services of which they have been unaccountably deprived by a Puritan WASP culture.

The unforgettable images of mob violence juxtaposed with solemn Church rites were not meant, as left-liberals would have it, to show the hypocrisy of evil men. For these Mafiosi, as mainly Italian Catholics, are *indeed* deeply religious; they represent one important way in which Italian Catholics were able to cope with, and make their way in, a totally alien world dominated by WASP Puritan insistence that a whole range of products eagerly sought by consumers be outlawed.

Hence the systemic violence of Mafia life. Violence, in the *Godfather* films, is never engaged in for the Hell of it, or for random kicks; the point is that since the government police and courts will not enforce contracts they deem to be illegal, debts incurred in the Mafia world have to be enforced by violence, by the secular arm. But the violence simply enforces the Mafia equivalent of the law: the codes of honor and loyalty without which the whole enterprise would simply be random and pointless violence.

In many case, especially where "syndicates" are allowed to form and are not broken up by government terror, the various organized syndicates will mediate and arbitrate disputes, and thereby reduce violence to a minimum. Just as governments in the Lockean paradigm, are supposed to be enforcers of commonly-agreed-on rules and property rights, so "organized crime," when working properly, does the same. Except that in its state of illegality it operates in an atmosphere charged with difficulty and danger.

It is interesting to observe the contrasting attitudes of our left-liberal culture to the two kinds of crime, organized versus unorganized. Organized crime is essentially anarcho-capitalist, a pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ductive industry struggling to govern itself; apart from attempts to monopolize and injure competitors, it is productive and non-aggressive. Unorganized, or street, crime, in contrast, is random, punkish, viciously aggressive against the innocent, and has no redeeming social feature. Wouldn't you know, then, that our leftist culture hates and reviles the Mafia and organized crime, while it lovingly excuses, and apologizes for, chaotic and random street punks—violence which amounts to "anarchy" in the bad, or common meaning. In a sense, street violence embodies the ideal of left-anarchism: since it constitutes an assault on the rights of person and property, and on the rule of law that codifies such rights.

"Why didn't you come to me? Why did you go to The State?"

One great scene in the *Godfather* embodies the difference between right and left anarchism. One errant, former member of the Corleone famiglia abases himself before The Godfather (Marlon Brando). A certain punk had raped and brutalized his daughter. He went to the police and the courts, and the punk was, at last, let go (presumably by crafty ACLU-type lawyers and a soft judicial system). This distraught father now comes to Don Corleone for justice.

Brando gently upbraids the father: "Why didn't you come to me? Why did you go to The State?" The inference is clear: the State isn't engaged in equity and justice; to obtain justice, you must come to the famiglia. Finally, Brando relents: "What would you have me do?" The father whispers in the Godfather's ear. "No, no, that is too much. We will take care of him properly." So not only do we see anarcho-capitalist justice carried out, but it is clear that the Mafia code has a nicely fashioned theory of proportionate justice. In a world where the idea that the punishment should fit the crime has been abandoned—and still struggled over by libertarian theorists—it is heart-warming to see that the Mafia has worked it out in practice.

And now, weighing in, in the Mafia sweepstakes, comes a much acclaimed new entrant: Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas*. This repellent and loathsome movie, much acclaimed by all of our left-liberal critics (including a rave review in the Marxist weekly *In These Times*), is as far removed from *The Godfather*, in style, content, writing, direction, and overall philosophy as it is possible to be.

Instead of good versus bad entrepreneurs, all working and planning coherently and on a grand scale, *GoodFellas* is peopled exclusively by psychotic punks, scarcely different from ordinary, unorganized street criminals. The violence is random, gratuitous, pointless, and psychotic; everyone, from the protagonist Henry Hill (Ray Liata) on down is a boring creep; there is no one in this horde of "wiseguys" or "goodfellas" that any member of the viewing audience can identify with. The critics all refer to the psycho gang member Tommy (Joe Pesci), but what they don't point out is that everyone else in the gang, including the leader Jimmy Conway (Robert DeNiro) is almost as fully deranged.

When Tommy kills friends or colleagues pointlessly, Jimmy and the others are delighted and are happy to cover up for him. All of these goons are ultra-high-time preference lowlifes: their range of the future approximates ten minutes, in contrast to the carefully planned empire-building of *The Godfather*. Conway, after pulling off a multi-million dollar heist at Kennedy Airport, shoots all of his colleagues to grab all the money. This sort of behavior, as well as the random violence of Tommy, would put these guys out of business within weeks in any real Mafia organization worth its salt. Street punk short-term greed and whim-worship would get you killed in short order.

Since there are no good guys among the *GoodFellas*, the audience doesn't care what happens to them; indeed, one wishes them all to meet their just deserts as quickly as possible, so that the movie will be over. The rest of the film is as odious as the central theme; the direction, as in all of Scorsese, is edgy, hurky-jerky, quasi-psychotic; the photogra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phy, in contrast to the epic brooding of *Godfather,* is light, open and airy, totally out of keeping with the theme. The writing is flat and pointless. Great actors like DeNiro are wasted in the movie. And the much-praised Don in the film, Paul Cicero (Paul Sorvino) is grimly quiet and slow moving, but he too is pointless and his role ineffectual, and therefore he fails as any sort of menace.

Contrast the ways in which *Godfather* and *GoodFellas* handle a common theme: the attempt of the leading Don to keep away from traffic in drugs, and the destruction wrought by succumbing to the temptation. In *Godfather,* one Mafia leader of the old school clearly and eloquently rejects traffic in drugs as immoral, in contrast to other venerable goods and services, such as liquor, gambling, and "loan sharking." "Leave drugs to the animals—the niggers—they have no souls," he admonished. (All right, I never said that the Mafiosi were racially enlightened.) Here is a powerful and dramatic theme of keeping the old Mafia moral code as against the temptation of making a great deal of money in a technologically innovative field.

But how in contrast does *GoodFellas* handle this conflict? Don Cicero simply orders his gang to stay out of drugs, pointing only to the stiff sentences the Feds were handing out. And whereas in *Godfather,* everyone knows that disobedience to the Don will bring swift retribution, Conway, Hill and the other wiseguys disobey Don Cicero and nothing happens to them. What kind of Don is that?

Clearly, the critics admire and apologize for the left-anarchic punks of *GoodFellas* the way they could never admire the Mafiosi of the *Godfather,* despite the universal respect for the older movie's technical brilliance. Alas, the corrupt nihilist value-system of avant-garde left-liberalism relates happily to the value-system of the deranged *GoodFellas.* "This," say these critics contentedly of the world of the *GoodFellas,* "is what life is all about. *Godfather* romanticizes life (and is therefore wrong)."

Will *GoodFellas* succeed in wrecking the Mafia genre, the best Hollywood discovery since the death of the Western? There is hope, on two counts. First, I would point out that these punks are not true Mafia; they were never "made" by the Mafia families. These are riff-raff, hangers-on, lowlifes compared to the epic grandeur of the world of the Mafia. In fact, in the only act of violence that makes sense in the entire movie, the only one that is not pointless and that is eminently justified, the rotten and demented Tommy gets his just deserts at the hands of the genuine Mafia. Told that he will at last achieve his lifelong goal of being "made" by a Mafia family, the monster Tommy reaps his just reward. Bang, bang!

Godfather, Part III is scheduled to hit the screens around Christmas. What a Christmas gift!

The other ray of hope is that, at long last, and after two decades, *Godfather, Part III* is scheduled to hit the screens around Christmas. What a Christmas gift! The whole crew is back, older and perhaps wiser, continuing the great saga of the Corleone family. The only hitch is that the superb Robert Duvall, one of the great actors of our time and Mr. Consiglieri himself, asked for too much money and therefore could not be included in the picture. But that's OK. If luck is with us, *Godfather III* will restore our vision of what a Mafia film is supposed to look like. Make way, riffraff of the Scorsese famiglia! The true Don, Corleone, is back, and you, like your creature and comrade Tommy, are going to reap your just reward. —M.N.R.

I Can Dream, Can't I?

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell

When Mr. Bush's budget deal didn't pass—the one that increased taxes by $250 million per Congressman—he warned that "we face an immediate shutdown of the federal government." I guess I was supposed to be scared, but all I could think was: Promises,promises.

Government, especially in a democratic country, portrays itself as one with the people. In fact, it is a separate entity that lives off the rest of us, and very nicely too. To disguise this, especially at tax-increase time, government pours out a stream of disinformation that would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done justice to the Brezhnev administration.

Without Washington looking over us, we're told, the four horsemen of the apocalypse would stalk the nation. Or would they?

The dreaded sequestration—a 7.5% budget cut [moans of horror from offstage]—was supposed to frighten us. We were told about laid-off meat inspectors and air traffic controllers, of poisoned consumers and airline crashes. We were supposed to think, I guess, that Hormel is just waiting to sell unhealthy ham. Certainly we were supposed to ignore Switzerland and the other countries that have private air traffic control, and fewer accidents.

Our incomes would increase 50%, and April 15th would be just another day.

No one mentioned the refreshing prospect of firing a few of the drones who fill the D.C. hives, let alone canning the White House servants or mothballing the government limousines so the bureaucrats could take the bus. Whenever there's a budget debate, government employees throng the Capitol during working hours (if you will excuse the expression) to lobby Congress. But what if they all had to get jobs?

What if Bush, Darman, Foley, Mitchell and Dole (sounds like a crooked law firm, which—come to think of it—it is) couldn't ever reach an agreement? What if, instead of 7.5%, we had an 100% budget cut? Exactly how would the average American be affected if entire agencies such as Commerce, Labor, and HUD were abolished? The answer is, we wouldn't. We wouldn't even know if they were wiped from the face of the earth by fire and sword, and salt sown in the soil where they stood. (As long as I'm daydreaming, I'll have the Visigoths visit D.C.) Of course, we would actually feel a 100% budget cut in many ways. Our incomes would increase 50%, for example, and April 15th would be just another day. Prices would fall, as government-imposed inefficiencies were lifted from the economy.

American soldiers would come back to their homes and families from all over the world. We would stop pressuring the Philippines to tolerate our exorbitant bases there. Europeans and Japanese would have to defend themselves (from non-existent threats). The hereditary dictator of Kuwait would have to get himself, and his 40 wives, back on his throne with his own billions.

Without government inflation, our dollar would increase in value. A real free market would, by the year 2000, make the U.S. 1990 look like a poor farm. And this would be our last recession, since we would have no more Federal Reserve manipulation of the credit markets in favor of the big banks and the government itself. Food prices would collapse. Bums would eat like kings without the Department of Agriculture raising our prices for farmers on welfare. Foreign politicians would have to steal their own money, as foreign aid was cut off. And there would be no more World Bank, IMF, or Export-Import Bank welfare for big corporations.

Without an FDA, new drugs for cancer, AIDS, and other diseases wouldn't take 12 years to come on the market. Consumers could buy the best goods from all over the world, without government interference and price increases. Japanese cars would cost 25% less.

There would be no S&L bailout, no bank bailout, no anything bailout. Photographers who wanted to pee on a crucifix would have to use their own dime to get into the toilet and the appropriately named Joseph Papp would have to produce racially sensitive plays on his own nickel.

We would have no more mass mailings from Congressmen. They'd have to buy their own stamps.

Mail service would be cheap, efficient, and private. Postal clerks would be glad to see you, and their offices would be open at night and on weekends.

There would be no more intrusive Census, and the federal computer dossiers on innocent citizens would be erased.

And finally, Dan Quayle would have to pay for his own trip to Mars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, let's not go too far, even in a dream. Maybe there are some legitimate government services. We could send *all* the politicians to Mars. •

Mandelalia

by L.H.R.

Am I the only American who didn't do a spastic street dance over Nelson Mandela? Tell him to take "power" in Zulu, the wrong African language? Or idolize him, literally?

California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown said being with Mandela was like "being in the presence of God." A worshipper along the parade route in New York called Mandela "our savior." A man in Los Angeles said we should lay down "palms in his path."

A few banana peels, maybe.

Mandela is a Red. Worse, he is a Red out of a time machine, who seeks to impose wealth-destroying Marxism on the only country in Africa where everyone has enough to eat.

Mandela also endorses killing and torture by his African National Congress (ANC). When he was arrested in the 1960s, he was carrying ANC explosives to commit sabotage. And his *eminence rouge* is the bloodthirsty Lithuanian Communist, Joe Slovo. At his Harlem extravaganza, Mandela sought to honor the aging Puerto Rican Communists who shot up the U.S. Congress and tried to kill President Truman.

Mandela's no hero; he's the political equivalent of *2 Live Crew*. Excuse me if I sit out this rap.

Yes, he spent years in prison—or, rather, in a comfortable house on the prison grounds—although his criminal record justified a death sentence under South African law. Yes, he was ideologically steadfast, just like the Bolsheviks jailed by the tsar. This is supposed to be admirable in some sense, although I can't think of why right now. And yes, he's dignified and wears $1,000 suits. But con men always put up a good front.

Also visiting was Mrs. Winnie Mandela, whose gang of thuggish paramours, the Mandela United Football Club, killed a 14-year-old black boy in the basement of her Soweto mansion with her directing, and—we are told by its perpetrators—enjoying his death. Why kill him? They thought he might have talked to the police.

South Africa's government is already bloated. If Mandela gets his way, it will look like Al Sharpton.

Mrs. Mandela has praised the murder of black men and women suspected of talking to the police. She wants them tied up, gasoline-filled automobile tires placed around their necks, and the gas set on fire. "With our sticks of matches and our necklaces," she says, "we will liberate this country."

Mandela calls Communist Cuba the "country that stands head and shoulders above the rest" in its "love for human rights and liberty." Indeed, Cuba is his model. South Africa's government is already bloated. If Mandela gets his way, it will look like the Rev. Al Sharpton after a barbecue.

We were supposed to return the clenched fist Communist salute to Mandela because he's the leader of all South African blacks. But that's another lie. He's a chieftain of the Xhosa tribe, which the ANC represents, along with the smaller tribes traditionally dependent on the Xhosa.

Inkatha, led by Mangosuthu Buthelezi, chief of the Zulus, represents the Xhosa's hereditary enemies. If the Xhosas come to power, the industrious Zulus know they will be oppressed, and perhaps even massacred, a pattern all too common in Africa. The fighting in Natal Province today represents the beginning skirmishes in what may be a war of extermination.

Apartheid was a socialist-inspired scheme to cartelize the labor market for white labor unions. Ironically, only real separateness will work now. The country must be partitioned, with each people—whites, Xhosas, and Zulus—allowed a homeland. A free market is also needed, not only for more prosperity, but to lessen group tensions.

Despite their sins—which pale, if you will pardon the expression, next to the institutionalized theft, witchcraft, and mass

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murder of the typical African government—the Boers have built a magnificent civilization. And *not* "on the backs of the blacks"; South Africa has by far the highest black standard of living on the continent. South African blacks own more automobiles, for example, than are owned in all of the U.S.S.R. Yet the whole country may go up in flames, as Mandela lights the Molotov cocktail. And there is virtually no American dissent—just media hype designed to Jesse-Jacksonize this country by strengthening black demands for race privilege.

When questioned about his endorsement of Castro, Mandela said "a country's internal policies" were none of his business. That was an evasion, of course. Mandela loves Castro's internal policies. But there is a lesson here.

America, wrote John Quincy Adams, "goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy," lest she be entangled "beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy and ambition, which assume the colors and usurp the standard of freedom." Mandela, a smarmy demagogue, has assumed the colors and usurped the standard of freedom, but we ought not to be fooled.

Although we should wish the Boers and the other great peoples of South Africa well, their internal policies *are* none of our government's business. That means no aid to the terrorist ANC, and immediate repeal of the economic sanctions designed to lower black standards of living, and thus foment bloody revolution.

Nelson Mandela wants to impale his country on a Xhosa-Communist spear. We ought not to be sharpening the blade. •

The problem in today's America is *hyper*-sensitivity We need a national novocaine bath.

PUSH Comes to Shove

by L.H.R.

Last summer, Operation PUSH demanded a nationwide boycott of Nike sneakers because the company "sucks African-Americans dry." This is socialist nonsense, of course. In any voluntary economic transaction, as the Spanish scholastics showed more than 300 years ago, both parties benefit. The buyer would rather have the sneakers; the seller would rather have the money.

When scamster Jesse Jackson was running PUSH, his boycotts worked. Companies like Coca Cola, Burger King, and Coors agreed to "invest in the African-American community." It was merely a coincidence that the black businessmen getting the cash were supporters and even relatives of the Rev. Jesse. And if they wanted to share their good fortune with him, who could think it amiss?

But without the Rev., PUSH seems to be running out of, well, push. Rather than caving, the president of Nike said he wanted to see PUSH's financial records. Specifically, he wanted to know if it was a non-profit group and if any of his competitors were PUSH contributors, noting that Reebok—which was *not* being boycotted—had bought very expensive advertising in PUSH's moronic magazine. The head PUSHer called the Nike request "insensitive," but the company hasn't backed down. (Am I the only one who thinks, by the way, that the problem in today's America is *hyper*sensitivity? And that we need a national novocaine bath?)

PUSH claims that blacks buy 30% of Nike products (the company says 13%), and therefore blacks should have "30% of everything"—executive jobs, distributorships, contracts, etc.

Unlike David Souter, I hate affirmative action. Even if I bought the official story about the sins of the past, what does that have to do with today? Should descendants of mugging victims be allowed to mug descendants of muggers?

Who would have thought that one day in the American marketplace, believing in individual merit, and only that, would make you a hate criminal? •

Cancer-Rodent Tests Invalid?

by L.H.R.

Last year, liberal journalist Ed Bradley denounced Alar on *60 Minutes* as the "most potent carcinogen in our food supply."

Alar—used safely since 1963—helps ripen apples, keeps them crisper, and retards spoilage. But Bradley was referring to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an EPA test in which thousands of rats were fed 22 times the maximum intake of even an apple-crazy human, and one rat developed a tumor. In the resulting hysteria, the manufacturer, Uniroyal, had to pull Alar off the market, and the entire U.S. apple industry was harmed, not to speak of consumers who love apples.

A sane voice—Texas medical school dean Sanford Miller—said that the risk to consumers was "effectively zero". But apple growers lost more than $250 million, and many were driven into bankruptcy.

How many helpful products have been forced off the market, and companies and consumers harmed, through such panics? And now it turns out, as many of us have long thought, that such tests are defective.

Two recent articles in the journal *Science*—by Dr. Bruce Ames of the University of California, Berkeley, and Dr. Samuel Cohen of the University of Nebraska Medical College—have shown that it is the massive dose itself, no matter what the substance, that causes tumors.

The hyper dosages, explain these scientists, kill cells in the test animals, which their bodies then replace. The more this takes place over the animal's lifetime, the greater the chance of a cell mutation leading to cancer.

As with Alar, take thousands of rats and fill them full of a chemical for their whole lives, and it can be no surprise when one develops a tumor. This shows us that no one should try to live on Alar alone, but it tells us nothing about an infinitesimal residue, so small as to be barely measurable, of this helpful chemical. •

The Libertarian Divorce: How Sweet It Is

by L.H.R.

The Libertarian movement is breaking up. Culturally conservative paleo-libertarians have had it with the kinkoids who infest the rest of the movement.

Many years ago, Russell Kirk wrote that the libertarian is usually a libertine. That used to make me angry. I didn't want to admit the truth. But he was right. Left-libertarians, the Modal Libertarians, *are* anti-family, anti-Christian, and anti-bourgeois.

Christians interested in libertarianism are the targets of a stream of "studied insults."

Christians interested in libertarianism, the Rev. R.J. Rushdoony wrote me, are invariably "told, with relish, of the 'libertarian' position on abortion, the family, God, Jesus Christ, and much, much more." They are the targets of a stream of "studied insults."

The same article ("The Case for Paleo-Libertarianism," *Liberty*, January 1990) Dr. Rushdoony wrote about led Robert G. Anderson of the Foundation for Economic Education, to write:

"You have described and explained our position perfectly. Leonard Read would have loved it as well. But welcome to the war, Lew, for you are now in the thick of it.

"We have a whole flock of folk that gravitated to libertarianism because of an alienation to any kind of authority (especially cultural or ethical values), or because they were social outcasts and they perceived libertarianism as a philosophy that would sanction 'doing your own thing,' even though it offended every tenet of Western values and traditions.

"It is great fun to point out to these people that, when individuals fail to govern themselves through inculcating cultural and ethical values conducive to freedom, somebody else (usually the State) will take over the task for them. I am afraid, however, that I created more contempt than converts from having this kind of 'fun.' Hopefully, your essay will be successful in winning them over to paleo-libertarianism, but don't count on it!"

Don't count on it indeed. Left-libertarians have been foaming at the mouth. Not on political or economic grounds, since I am—on that score—far more radical than they, but on the cultural.

After using all the tired swear words of the left to denounce Murray and me, Ed Crane of the Cato Institute, in a recent interview, delivers what he must think of as the knock-out-punch:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we are against "sexual diversity." Ah yes, the libertarian crime of thinking that men should be faithful to their wives.

The left-libertarians, who tolerate as a matter of "principle" everything from crystal worship to the North American Man-Boy Love Association, are intolerant of...Murray's and my moral traditionalism. Yuck! Pah! Patooie! I've had it.

I can't stand them, I can't stand their culture, and I can't stand their party or their organizations. Life is too short (or—around them—too long).

A divorce should make me sad. Why then do I feel so happy? Perhaps because my roots are in the Old Right. I feel at home among paleo-conservatives, although I might differ on an issue or two, while the typical gathering of libertarian activists makes my skin crawl.

Does anything ever change? Arguing, more than *20* years ago, against libertarian support for the counter-culture, Murray wrote:

"Yes, we do need a cultural change as well as a change in the political economy; but what we need is the pulverization of the counter-culture and a return to the rational principles of the 18th and 19th centuries. The counter-culture is not a great upsurge against the liberalism of the corporate state; it is the logical culmination of the erosion of earlier standards by 20th-century liberalism. It is the spawn of modern liberalism and not its destroyer. On the cultural front, the counter-culture is the enemy.

Yuck! Pah! Patooie! I've had it.

"Our libertarian revolutionaries are not in revolt against political tyranny or economic exploitation. They are in revolt against the structure of reality. They are in revolt against the universe, against perception, against reason, against purpose and production. They are in revolt against the laws of nature, and against the world itself."

Indeed, nothing has changed. And as to the heart (if that is the correct organ) of left-libertarianism Murray also warned libertarians *in 1971* that

"It is time to blow the whistle on the anti-Christian abuse that has infected the movement for so long a time.

"In ethics and philosophy, it is simply an empirical fact that the greatest thinkers, for two thousand years have been Christian; to ignore these Christian philosophers is to court folly and disaster.

"This conclusion is reinforced when we look around at what has happened to much of today's libertarian movement. The peculiar aspects of the Randian ethic are as nothing to the bizarreries, to the outright lunacies, into which so many ex-Randians (who constitute the bulk of the libertarian movement) have sunk. The Christian ethic is, in the words of the old hymn, a Rock of Ages. Too often, those who abandon that Rock sink into the quagmire of the capricious and the bizarre."

Indeed, this is exactly what happened, and paleo-libertarians—after so many years of trying to drain the quagmire—have had it. We aren't going to take it any more.

Rothbard-Rockwell Report
Center for Libertarian Studies, P.O. Box 4091, Burlingame, CA 94011
___Sign me up for the RRR! Enclosed is my check for $49 for 12 issues, $95 for 24 issues, or $139 for 36 issues. **Call 1-800-325-7257 to charge to your credit card.**
please print

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

Gift Subscriptions
___Please send the RRR with a gift card from me to the people whose names and addresses I have listed on a separate sheet of paper. I enclose my check for $49 each.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 1988 nomination of Ron Paul was our last stand. But not only did that campaign fail to transform the Libertarian Party, it galvanized the leftists in reaction to a candidate who they criticized as "too-straight, too-white, too-married, too-middle-class, too-right-wing." I for one want no part of a movement where these are rebukes, a movement that personifies the infamous "In Praise of Decadence" manifesto published in *Libertarian Review*.

Virginia Postrel, a left-libertarian editor, claims that one cannot favor conservative culture and capitalism. This is nonsense, shown by reason (two aspects of the truth cannot be incompatible) as well by the lives of such cultural arch-conservatives as Ludwig von Mises, Murray, and F.A. Hayek. It is no coincidence that the freedom movements of Eastern Europe are dominated by deeply religious, culturally conservative, anti-statist radicals. Paleo-libertarians, one might say.

Postrel claims, in *The Washington Post*, that the real ideological split on the right is between pro-change, pro-dynamism "progressive conservatives" like Jack Kemp and stick-in-the-mud paleo-conservatives like the Rockford Institute.

But Rockford advocates *very* limited government, while Kemp is a self-described "big-government conservative." Even left-libertarians are supposed to agree with Rockford on statism. The reason they don't is cultural. Left-libertarians react to Rockford's traditional values as Dracula does to a crucifix.

Postrel's attack on Rockford, wrote John Elvin of *The Washington Times*, illustrates "the usual ruckus that accompanies the formation of a coalition." And indeed there is a new coalition being formed.

As John Judis recently pointed out in *American Prospect*, the paleo-libertarian movement is working with Rockford and other paleo-conservatives such as Patrick J. Buchanan. Three joint meetings have involved the Ludwig von Mises Institute, the Center for Libertarian Studies, and Rockford, and we have formed a scholarly organization.

The new John Randolph Club—named after the great man Kirk called "the aristocratic libertarian," whose motto was "I love liberty; I hate equality"—will hold its first conference in Dallas this month. We are also holding a joint dinner with the large Texas paleocon organization, the Landrum Society, headed by *Dallas Morning News* editor Bill Murchison.

Topics to be discussed at our meeting include environmentalism, immigration, foreign policy, civil rights, and left-Puritanism, with the whole session entitled "Confrontation and Convergence."

Today's conservative movement, says columnist Joe Sobran, is "playing containment against liberalism" when it should be launching the "final attack on domestic collectivism." An alliance with anti-government paleo-libertarians is exactly what's needed.

What Kirk called the "chirping sectaries" of left-libertarianism may sputter and twit, but this new coalition—aimed squarely at the welfare state and the liberal culture that sustains it—is exactly what America needs. •

Rothbard-Rockwell Report
Center for Libertarian Studies
P.O. Box 4091, Burlingame, CA 94011

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
San Francisco, CA
Permit No. 1987

The Rothbard-Rockwell Report is published by the Center for Libertarian Studies, Post Office Box 4091, Burlingame, California 94011. (800) 325-7257. *Editors*: Murray N. Rothbard and Llewellyn H. Rockwell. *Contributing Editor*: Sarah Barton. *Publisher*: Burton S. Blumert. *Managing Editor*: Sybil Regan. Subscription: $49 for 12 issues. Copyright ©1990 by the Center for Libertarian Studies. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED